

## The Times-Dispatch

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Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

## MR. BRYAN'S DISCOVERY.

In the last issue of the Commonwealth, Mr. Bryan speaks in great glee of the "lesson of 1891." He says:

"Even Democrats who think more of success than they do of Democratic principles must have been impressed by the lesson of 1891," as presented in last week's issue of the Commonwealth.

"In that statement it was shown that at the last election, when the present day reorganizers were in control of the Democratic party, the Democrats carried only eleven States out of forty-five. The Republican majority received during that year was 1,082,533, almost twice as large a popular majority as the Republican ticket had in 1896, and 20 per cent. larger than the popular majority of the Republicans in 1900."

If Mr. Bryan had only taken the trouble to look up the records he would have seen that there was no more in the lesson of 1891 than in the lesson of 1882, or 1884, or 1890. The tendency has always been in a congressional election following a Presidential election to reverse political conditions, and this without regard to the political complexion of the existing administration. In 1890 a Republican President was chosen, but in the congressional election of 1892 there was a Democratic landslide, the result being to give the Democrats a large majority in the House of Representatives of the Forty-eighth Congress.

In 1884 Mr. Cleveland was elected to the Presidency, but in the congressional election of 1886 the Republicans made great gains, reducing the Democratic majority of 43 in the House of Representatives to about 20, and this included several members who were elected as independents, labor candidates, and the like. There was demoralization in Virginia, and only four districts went Democratic.

In 1888 Mr. Cleveland was defeated, but in the congressional election of 1890 there was a Democratic landslide, which gave the Democrats 233 Congressmen, with a solid delegation from Virginia.

In 1892 Mr. Cleveland was elected, and in the congressional election of 1894, as Mr. Bryan points out, there was a great Republican victory.

In 1896 Mr. Bryan was nominated and defeated, but in the congressional election of 1898 the precedent was not followed, and the Republicans retained control of Congress, although their majority was reduced.

In 1900 Mr. Bryan was again nominated and defeated, and in the congressional election of 1902 the Republicans continued to hold the balance of power in Congress, but their majority was again reduced.

There may be a "lesson" in the election of 1894, but it is no more significant, we repeat, than the lesson of 1882, or 1884, or 1890, or 1896, or 1898.

## FINAL EXAMINATIONS.

In last week's issue of the Religious Herald appeared an article from Dr. G. W. Drake, a well known physician of Hollins, Va., in which he urged the trustees of Richmond College to abolish final examinations. Dr. Drake's attention was called to the subject by the petition of the students for a change, involving the substitution of monthly examinations for final examinations. He thoroughly agrees with the boys, and what he says is so timely and so sensible and so important that we again reproduce a part of his article, as follows:

In support of these resolutions, I beg leave to offer my views. There are two words in the English language which stand out in appalling contrast. They are education and instruction. The one means leading out and strengthening, the other filling in and enfeebling. The one always promotes health, the other often destroys health. Instruction is useful only when it subserves the purpose of organic education. Like sharp-edged tools in the hands of children, it should not be handled by the inexperienced or the careless. Let the teachers in our colleges and colleges beware how they manipulate it lest they press it too hard or too continuously. Organic education should be the supreme purpose of all teaching, otherwise there will result racial degeneracy, the product of enfeebling manipulation and manipulation. The effect of overtaxing the brain cell is often irreparable. The nuclei are shriveled and serrated by fatigue to such a degree as to be incapable of their normal functions. In our country there are too many victims of overtaxed brain cells, the result of the pernicious system of final examinations in our colleges. In the interest of a healthy American citizenship, as a physician and hygienist, I plead for monthly examinations at the regular hours of recitation, the last in the session counting for no more than the first, and the general average determining the status of the student."

In discussing educational topics in these columns we have always tried to keep

prominently before our readers the now thoroughly established fact that education is not a process of stuffing, but a process of education, or natural development. Of course, it is necessary for the student to learn, to acquire information, but this is by no means the goal or even the greatest part of education. The great purpose of education is to train the mind, to cultivate and strengthen the mind. But if through the stuffing process the mind is enfeebled and enfeebled, and especially if the health of the student is destroyed by overstudy, education does more harm than good.

Every man or woman who has been to school knows that it is the custom of students to "crum" for examinations. Too frequently they rely upon this crumming process at the last to put them through their examinations rather than upon systematic work from day to day throughout the session. And so it comes to pass that these final examinations are not always by any means a fair test of the student's title to a diploma.

We believe that the whole system is wrong, and that it should be entirely reformed. There should be examinations, to be sure, but they should be held from time to time during the session, and not crowded into one supreme effort at the final.

We have in mind a bright-eyed, beautiful girl, who made all her examinations and came out of college with honors thick upon her. But in winning these honors, in getting an education she shattered her health, and is to-day a confined invalid. She was completely prostrated by the famous "final examination," and, although she graduated several years ago, she has never rallied from the shock.

## COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

North Carolina is trying compulsory education in homeopathic doses. At the last session of the Legislature bills were passed allowing Macon and Mitchell counties to try the kind of strict compulsory attendance upon school that is in vogue in the State of Ohio, where a majority of the people of those counties should express themselves at the polls as being in favor of it.

Macon county has recently voted on the question, and compulsory education won out by 88 majority. Macon is one of the trans-mountain counties that is without a negro population, and therefore compulsory education will not suffer the embarrassment there that it will meet with in the eastern counties or in the black belt, or that it would meet with in a majority of the counties of Virginia, and, for this reason, it may prove a good thing. We are of the opinion that compulsory education would not work well in Wake or Warren or Halifax counties in North Carolina, or in any of the black belt counties in Virginia, for there the tax-payers would again be confronted with the "white man's burden," and he does not feel like compelling the burden to make itself heavier than it already is.

The white men of the South are willing to be taxed to help the negro get a little book learning when the negro asks for it, but he is not willing and should not be required to compel those who do not want an education to come up and increase the tax bills, whether they want to or not. This, as well as the fact that compulsory education makes the State invade the rights of the individual and snatches of socialism, makes a law for it unpopular in the South. However, the operation of the North Carolina statute, which may be called a kind of local option law, will be watched with interest, not only by North Carolina, but by her sister Southern States.

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## EDWIN BOOTH'S BOOKS.

The fact that yesterday, June 8th, was the tenth anniversary of the death of Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian, has been worked by the newspapers into the recent story as to Wilkes Booth's identity, and put forth, along with a large crop of reminiscences. The Baltimore Sun utilizes the occasion by republishing a good short account of the finding and killing of the assassin.

It appears from the statement of Mr. Garrett himself, the owner of the barn, that the barn was set on fire before Booth was shot. "One man, who was more humane than the rest, however, walked up to the side of the barn, put his pistol to a crack and fired upon Booth." Then Booth was dragged out, laid upon the porch of the dwelling, and there died. He was, however, conscious for a while and whispered to those about him:

"Tell my mother I died for my country. I did what I thought—was best."

Then followed a gasp, a shiver, and the dying word was before his Judge. Edwin Booth, for some time after his brother's death, sought to obtain from the Garretts a lock of Wilkes Booth's hair which they had saved, and he also wished to obtain an account of Wilkes' death, but his letters of inquiry miscarried. He heard nothing from the Garretts. Later a gentleman whom he met in Baltimore undertook to obtain what Edwin Booth desired. The premise was duly kept and elicited a grateful letter from Edwin Booth. "At that time young Garrett was studying for the ministry and was in need of books. This fact was mentioned to Mr. Booth, and he requested a list of the books, which were by him ordered and sent to Mr. Garrett. The bill amounted to \$10. This gift enabled young Garrett to complete his studies, and he entered the Presbyterian ministry, we are told."

We suppose it was through the efforts of Edwin Booth, as well as of other members of the family, that Wilkes Booth's body was buried in Baltimore. Before that time it had been held in some secret place in Washington. How an indignant Northern plan treated the Rev. Dr. Fleming James for conducting services over Wilkes Booth The Times-Dispatch has related already. It constitutes a dreary post-bellum chapter of history, showing the height to which the rancor of partisan feeling had arisen. However, Galtman didn't fare so very much better at a later day.

Revival, or revival, rather, of Catholic history in this diocese in connection with the laying of the cornerstone of the new Cathedral opposite Monroe Park brings up recollections of our elderly citizens

with respect to the Catholic College. That there was once such an institution here is a fact, but it is also true that after some years the college building was destroyed by fire. No serious attempt to rebuild it was made, we believe. It was located about a mile from the city, some little distance from the Mechanicsville Turnpike. The old Catholic Cemetery, in the same vicinity, is still maintained, but we believe no new sections are nowadays opened there. The new Catholic Cemetery—Mount Calvary—lies on the river bank above Hollywood, and is rapidly becoming a popular and beautiful city of the dead.

Chairman Elyson, in several recent newspaper statements, has pleaded for a fair trial for the State primary election system. And he is in line with the greater part of the press and people.

What is wanted in a State primary is "a straight primary"—the nomination of candidates by the direct votes of the people, and without the aid or intervention of a convention.

That we believe to be the plan delegates to the Norfolk Convention contemplated. And that is the party plan, until it has been revised and changed.

However, we hear very few utterances indeed indicating the purpose of the people to switch the party off the primary election track.

It is fun running for United States Senator as John W. Daniel is doing now. All that a grateful people ask is that he will be kind enough to stop up and receive the nomination; that's all! But it was not always so. Once—yes, twice—before he offered his services, but they were not accepted, but pluck and persistence carried him through to victory. He never was so near to a real triumph as when he seemed to be overwhelmed in utter defeat. His career affords a fine example of what patient effort in the service of the people will accomplish.

This is a matter that has pestered us a good deal, and if The Richmond Times-Dispatch gets any satisfactory answers to its questions, we hope it will let us know.

"Why do so many of our esteemed contemporaries speak of the probable forthcoming event as the re-nomination of Roosevelt for the Presidency?" Was the gentleman ever nominated for that office before?—Charlotte Observer.

We have not received any replies yet, but we suspect that our contemporaries do it for the same reason that they refer to the late Mr. McKinley as "our martyr President." They just don't know any better.

Somebody has advanced the idea that strawberries are a sure cure for rheumatism, and ten thousand Richmond people who never had rheumatism have been experimenting with them.

And the question arises: "How much of the Ohio Republican harmony is due to the prayer of the colored divine who opened the proceedings with a very harmonious petition?"

If you buy coal now and the strike comes you will be happy; if the strike does not come, you will have the coal anyhow.

Some more Missouri hoodlums have been indicted at St. Louis, but that does not necessarily mean an increase of the population of the Missouri penitentiary.

Prophet Jefferson may not have known what he was talking about, but there is considerable wisdom in the regions he said would experience a flood.

Mr. Brown, of New Orleans, cashed in his cotton chips and scooted home before the New York cotton sharp got a chance to sandbag him. Smart is Mr. Brown!

"Hanna, Herlek and Harmony in Ohio" is what they are calling it, in order to make Poraker grin and chew his cud.

The old Jeemee behaved itself just as long as it possibly could, and now it will make us eat dirt for some time to come.

The danger in horseless vehicles consists in the lack of horse sense on the part of the drivers.

If we ever get over this deluge we promise never to again complain of dry weather.

But wouldn't Boston like to trade us a few rays of its sunshine for some of our constant downpours?

And the summer resort proprietor is another brother who is not pleased with the pleasantness of this pleasant June.

It is perhaps needless to suggest that Mr. Machen is a machine politician.

Anyhow, Wall Street thinks there will be no anthracite coal strike this year.

Prophet Jefferson is almost on the point of saying: "I told you so."

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Raleigh News-Observer says: A negro preacher was allowed to pray at the Ohio Republican Convention, but no negro got an office. No doubt the delegates needed praying for while they were planning to pray upon the public.

The Wilmington Messenger says: Virginia Democrats know a good thing when they see it. For the fourth time they choose John W. Daniel to represent their State in the United States Senate.

The Durham Herald takes this shot at the "pardoning Governor":

"The fact of the matter is that the courts have a hard time convicting anybody who is anybody, no matter as to the time, and when they do convict a conviction is secured the people do not like to see the ends of justice defeated by the intervention of the Governor."

The Winston-Salem Sentinel has its doubts, it says:

"It is a debatable question whether bloodhounds are worth their salt. There are many reports of bloodhounds who they claim were wanted, and there are others in which they made complete failures."

## Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Harrisonburg News says: Rev. Dr. J. William Jones and the Hon. C. A. Heermans are having a hot time in the Southern States as to whether the Confederacy failed. We are not reading the controversy, because we want to see the justice of a member of the coroner's jury.

The Charlottesville Progress draws this distinction: The South won't let the negro vote, but permits him to work for a living, while the North permits him to vote, but won't let him work.

The Newport News Times-Herald furnishes this bit of history: Mr. Bryan surely do not know how Mr. Bryan voted in 1892, but we do know that in 1892, when Colonel O'Ferrall was nominated by the Democrats of Virginia, that he had great difficulty in persuading his colleague, Mr. J. Bryan, from coming into a position and making speeches in the interest of the populist candidate, Mr. Cocke, who opposed Colonel O'Ferrall.

Discussing the fact of restoring Uncle Tom's Cabin to the public schools libraries in New York, the Buffalo Times says: Much of the Northern protest against the exclusion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was for the purpose of perpetuating Northern prejudice against the South. It is recognized that the cause of the South is becoming popular in the North. So far as the South is concerned, it is a matter of the greatest indifference whether the book was dropped or retained. As a matter of fact, it but emphasizes the bitter prejudices of the abolitionists which drove the States to secession.

## Personal and General.

Dr. Charles W. Needham, the new president of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., is not a college graduate, but was educated in law at the Albany Law School.

George Madison Randolph, a lineal descendant of Pocahontas and the Randolphs, lives in St. Louis. He claims to be seventh in descent from the famous Indian maiden by her marriage with John Rolfe.

Miss Enid Shaw, a daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, will graduate on June 18th at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, her father's alma mater.

Henry C. Caldwell, the Federal Judge of the Eighth Circuit Court, who will retire from the bench on June 30th, is the only surviving appointee on the bench of President Lincoln.

Rear-Admiral Louis Jean Rivet, of the French navy, being entertained in Baltimore at a number of banquets. His man of war, the Tago, is anchored at that port.

William E. Endicott, for thirty years master of the Christopher Columbus School, at Canton, Mass., has just died. He was a direct descendant of Gilbert Endicott, brother of the famous John Endicott, Governor of the Massachusetts colony.

## A Few Foreign Facts.

A Paris dispatch says that William K. Vanderbilt has offered \$1,500,000 for the money to carry out his long unfulfilled desire to build a hospital in Paris.

Mme. Mathilde Georgina Roberty, of Rouen, has started a campaign against the death penalty for military purposes, and has inaugurated a Ladies' Bird Protection Association, the members of which will defy the Parisian fashions.

Count Tolstoy's contribution of \$7,500 in aid of the persecuted Jews of Kishineff is one of the largest made in Russia. Though not a Jew, and a harsh critic at times of the Jewish religion, Tolstoy has not hesitated to denounce in unmeasured terms the treatment of the race by the Russian Government and people.

There is only one German among the members of the Paris Academie des Sciences—Professor Koch, who was elected in place of the late Rudolph Virchow. Of the other six foreign members, Austria and America contribute one each—Suess and Newcomb—and England four—Kelvin, Lister, Stokes and Hooker.

## DAILY FASHION HINTS.

This is a design which will prove very becoming to the little maid. The frock has a broad box-plaited effect in back and front. The front plait is held in place by straps, upon which are fastened large pearl buttons.

No. 4,385—SIZES for 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Four-year size requires 3½ yards of goods 27 inches wide.



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THE OFFICIAL ROUTE TO ATLANTA.

B. Y. P. U. July 9-12, 1903.

The Southern Railway is circulating a very attractive and comprehensive booklet covering the above trip. The booklet may be obtained from the Southern Railway Passenger Office, No. 22 East Main Street, and will be mailed to any applicant. One farthing is required to authorize for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, limited to return until August 15th by payment of 50 cents.

## THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER XXVI.  
A HILLY RIVER LEADING  
We have seen how September 14th dawned, so far as Lieutenant Fano was concerned, within the doomed city of the Mogul emperors. Let us go back a little, and outside the walls, to trace for a brief time the movements of one who is not a stranger to these pages, though it is months since he played a part in them. There were many sleepless eyes, many anxious hearts, in the British lines on the night of the 13th, and the order to march at 3 o'clock in the morning was a welcome relief from the strain. Down from the cantonments on the ridge, in silence and darkness, the four columns of attack marched toward the eastern ramparts of Delhi, in accordance with the plan approved by General Nicholson.

He himself led a thousand men, chosen for the arduous task of storming the partly ruined Cashmere gate. A thousand men were ordered to support him, and another thousand posted themselves by the river opposite the water bastion. A reserve of 1,600 was placed in the rear, and to the westward 3,000 unfired troops waited for orders by the Cashmere gate, which was to be opened to them if the assault succeeded. Six thousand five hundred, all told, comprised the army of retribution, and opposed to them were 40,000 well armed and desperate mutineers.

The first and main column was made up of the 75th Highlanders, the 60th Rifles, the 2d Punjabies and the Bengal Fusiliers; and in the declivity ranks were the 1st and 2d Punjabies, with whom had cast in his lot weeks before, was Ralph Estcourt.

In the lean, sun-scoured, untidy man, with matted beard and hair, and with a wild glitter in his eyes, it was difficult to believe the cool, genial, high spirited planter of Rampore.

"It won't be long now," he murmured, half aloud, as the column halted in the dim, gray light, within sight of the frowning walls.

"I hope not, old man," said a friend and comrade on his left, who had overheard the remark. "Revenge, and remember Cawnpore; that's the watchword. And there's a score of us have been in the death march!" And then, with a note of irritation, he added, "I am one of them." Estcourt replied, while a fiery red spot burned in each sunken cheek. "It's all I've got to live for, vengeance—the honor of it. It is all that's kept me alive these cursed dragging weeks of waiting. Let me get into the thick of the devil, let me strike them down right and left with my own hand, and see them writhing and gasping in their death agonies!" And then, well, I ask no more. Welcome the first bullet or sword-point that finds its way to my heart!"

"Don't talk like that. You'll pull through all right," he hoped not, Fairburn. You don't understand."

It was true—only Estcourt himself understood. He spoke calmly, dully, but his words had the tense ring of an unalterable purpose. How hungrily he had looked forward to this hour, and now he had come at last!

In common with every soldier, he shared the hot thirst to wreak vengeance on the murderers of women and children, but in this case there was an added motive. Since his escape in June from Chandra Singh's troops, and the perilous journey that had ended with his safe arrival at the British cantonments on the Ridge, he had heard nothing of his sister or of his young wife. Fano, except the meager fact that they had been brought into Delhi. That either survived he did not believe for a moment. He had never doubted that both Madge and Jack would die, and he had seen the blood of blood seared the only thing worth living for.

"Woe to the wicked city—the sword is ripe for thee!" he said to himself, quoting from the words of the chaplain that morning.

"Live, we're off!" exclaimed young Fairburn. "Listen, Estcourt!"

Yes, the bugle was sounding the advance, and on the echo of its clear notes fell the wild shriek of the 75th Highlanders' bagpipes. Then the storm of artillery was ripe for burst, and the first killed was Fairburn, who spattered Estcourt with blood as he dropped. In the teeth of the deadly hail, through the breaking radiance of the morning, the column pressed on. But not too quickly, for they could not get to the quarters with the enemy and show their valor and mettle, a way had to be paved for them.

How that was done the world knows, can never forget. The hero of the hour was to stamp the names of the participants indelibly into the pages of history. An explosion party, consisting of engineers and sappers, and covered by a squad of the 60th, had pushed well in advance of the main body. Home, Salade and the followers dashed through the shower of bullets, crossed the ditch, and dropped their 25-pound bags of powder at the very foot of the great double gate. Sulked fell wounded, and Burgess and Carmichael were shot down.

But as he was breathing his last, with his expiring effort, Carmichael applied the port fire. A tremendous shock shook the earth, and the explosion lifted the gate as seen to be a mass of shattered fragments.

Then Hawthorne, the bugler, who had accompanied the storming party, stepped forward, and with lusty cheers the column advanced forward. Nothing could check that desperate rush. Raked by round shot, grape and musketry, the troops carried the narrow lane that led to the Cashmere gate, burst through the breach, and pressed to a terrific fire from roofs, windows and balconies.

The second column, under Colonel Campbell, followed closely, and meanwhile the third column were fighting to win the breach by the water bastion, and joined by part of Nicholson's force they cleared the ramparts toward the Cashmere and More gates.

The scene within the city was now one of indescribable fury and ferocity. Many of the guns on the wall had been reversed, and were adding to the tumult as they fired shot and shell. The rattle of musketry and crash of cannon, the whirling clouds of dust and the smoke from burning houses, the roar of the guns of agony and terror, the roar of the inferno as the victorious tide of soldiers, the army of retribution, cut their way from street to street.

The fourth column had waited outside, and a murderous fire from the turn bastion, but the Cashmere gate could not yet be opened to admit them, though a daring hand had planted the English flag on its summit. The Lahore gate was held by the enemy, and it was there that the gallant Nicholson was present to receive a mortal wound, in the hour of his triumph.

But we must return to Ralph Estcourt, who seemed almost to bear a charmed life, so numerous were the bullets that he escaped during the assault and entry. He came safely through more than one hand to hand conflict, in which he faced and slew without mercy, and finally, with empty pistol and a dripping sword, he found himself mixed up with about five

foes and riflemen, who were pursuing a body of sepoy down a narrow street off the Chandney Choke.

The opportunity for this diversion arose from the fact that the hitherto unchecked advance of the column along the main avenue of Delhi had been temporarily stopped by the great mosque, the Jumma Masjid, which opposed a front of bullet-proof screens and bristling cannon.

"Remember, Cawnpore! No quarter!" The cry rang fiercely as the pursuers overtook the fugitives, who had hurried into a cul-de-sac formed by three walls. There was a sharp fight for a couple of minutes, with the losses not all one-sided, and pistol and steel were kept busy. Then the only survivor of the rebels, an elderly Hindoo, fell to his knees and begged for mercy.

"Spare my life, Estcourt-sahib," he cried, "and I will repay you!"

Estcourt withheld the deadly stroke he had been about to deal and glanced sharply at the cowering wretch, he recognized a certain Ram Das, a merchant of Jinnapur, who business had frequently brought to Rampore in the past.

"No mercy for carrion like you!" he cried.

"I will buy my life, sahib—"

"What do you mean?"

"Your sister."

"What of her?"

"She is alive!"

"My God!" Estcourt exclaimed hoarsely. "If you are lying, you dog—"

"By Holy Mother, Gunga! It is the truth!" protested Ram Das. "The men-sahib is a prisoner in Chandra Singh's house, close by, and though she is to be slain by the king's orders as soon as the city is taken, there may yet be time to save her."

For a moment everything swam dizzily before Estcourt's eyes. Then he turned speechless with emotion, to Captain Rae, of the Bengal Fusiliers. The officer had heard and understood.

"You can count on me," he said, instantly. "I'll come with you, and bring a fifty men's eyes. Then he turned speechless with emotion, to Captain Rae, of the Bengal Fusiliers. The officer had heard and understood.

"Quick! Quick!" he cried. "Lead the way! If you tell the truth, Ram Das, your life will be spared. But, by Heavens, if you have deceived me, I'll pack you to pieces by inches."

CHAPTER XXVII.  
THE PURPLE GOD.

Jack had not deceived himself. His sudden conviction was correct, and that which he feared had actually happened. Only too true was the terrible thought that stirred him to desperate fury, and